Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was yong,
So long a growing and so leisurely,
That if this were a rule, he should be gracious.
Car. Why Madame, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too, but yet let mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred
I could haue giuen my Vncles Grace a flout,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my prettie Yorke? I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres hold:
Twas full two yeers ere I could get a tooth.
Granam this would haue beene a prettie iest.
Dut. I pray thee prettie Yorke, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy: go too: you are too shrewd.
Car. Good Madame be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares. *Enter Dorset.*
Car. Here comes your sonne, Lord Marques Dorset,
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes, my Lord, as grieues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well, Madame, and in health.
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray, are sent to Pomfret,
With them, Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The mightie Dukes, Gloceſter and Buckingham.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why, or for what these Nobles were committed.
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu Ay me, I see the downefall of our house,
The Tyger now hath seaz'd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrannie begins to iet,

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death and massacre.
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,
And being seated, and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblown, themselues the conquerours,
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuarie.
Dut. Ile go along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My Gracious Ladie, go.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your Grace,
The Seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours:
Come, Ile conduct you to the sanctuarie.
The Trumpets sound. Enter yong Prince, the Duke of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.
Buc. Welcome sweete Prince to London to
Glo. Welcome deare Cosen my thoughts sou
The wearie way hath made you melancholie.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,
Haue made it tedious, wearisome, and heauie:
I want more Vncles here to welcome me.
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your
Hath not yet diued into the worlds deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart,
Those Vncles which you want, were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But looke not on the poyson of their hearts: